SMITH'S REPORT

On the Holocaust Controversy

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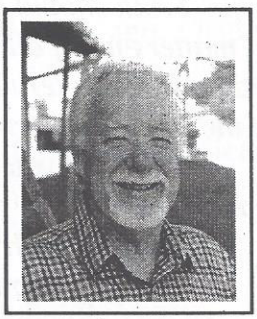


Supporting "The Campaign to Decriminalize World War II History"

A SIMPLE LETTER TO SUBSCRIBERS
On emptiness, anxiety, and other matters of the heart and mind

Friend:

I have a peculiar story to tell, one that no professional newsletter publisher should ever relate to his readers. That being the case, here I go. I have found it impossible to produce Smith's Report for April. What should have gone to the printer three weeks ago is still here in my computer, where I am beginning to write the first paragraph of a document that normally calls for 5,000-plus words monthly.

I—it's all about me, of course—I have been going through something of an unusual subjective experience these last weeks, one that I am unable to decipher. It came out of nowhere. I am perfectly aware that these matters always come out of somewhere. When you're 75 years old—I turned 75 in February—you are supposed to have all your ducks in a row. I do not. They are not in any other identifiable order either. The little critters are all over the place.

Uncertain, really, how to get started here, I will begin with a letter from a supporter. I regularly receive appreciative, encouraging, and critical (in the sense of being "advisory") letters from readers of this Report. I seldom answer a letter. It must appear to some that it's neither here nor there that I hear from you. That is very far from the fact of the matter. I have to be very careful about what I put my time to. I am growing ever more aware of that as these last years roll by.

The fact of the matter is that your letters maintain for me a connection with a core revisionist community that is unavailable to me anywhere else. Here then is one such letter I received a couple weeks ago.

"Dear Bradley:

"It would seem the world has passed me by a lot sooner, as well as a few degrees farther, than yourself, as this is a late response to your Christmas 2004 letter which I enjoyed very much. I have always thought of you as a combination of the Biblical Job and the Greek philosopher Diogenes who spent a lifetime looking for an honest man. Honesty in any endeavor, for those still capable of recognizing it, is a numbing experience which leads to humility.

"Truth should be honored for what it is, as there is no such thing as more or less Truth! So it matters not if all but one deny a Truth. What is important is that Truth must never be banished by force! Every individual must be at liberty to choose his/her own Truth despite the fact that the ignorant / arrogant will be with us always.

"Although you may sometimes feel you are a voice in the wilderness, you are nevertheless a Voice!

"'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!'

"It might help if you were able to increase the amplitude of the 'voice' so I am enclosing a donation for that purpose. I would appreciate a copy of the documents checked by me.

"Best wishes to you all."

Frederick

Honesty can be a numbing experience! "Ahh, so?" as the Chinese actor might say. Frederick does not say so here (he can't say everything in one short letter), but honest expression can be a numbing experience for the one who dabbles in it, as well as for those unfortunate enough to hear it. No one is guaranteed an escape. Honesty threatens us all. And thought reminds me (who am I?) that there is no honesty among we humans without confession. Confession can be a numbing experience.

January 27th was the 60th anniversary of the birth of the Auschwitz fraud. On this anniversary, during the week before and the week after the 27th, the Auschwitz story was King of All Media. I watched the festivities on CNN, as well as the network news. It was an overwhelming media experience. It was there morning noon and night. Day after day after day. Endless stories about good Jews and bad Germans, innocent Jews and guilty Germans. An unstoppable avalanche of suffering Jews, suffering alone during a war that consumed tens of millions of people who were not Jews.

With media, the presence of the story was inescapable. It swamped the airwaves in a sea of images and words. Most of the images and nearly all the words were old and used up. It didn't matter to those who were uttering them again, and not to those who were listening to them again. It was the same on the internet. Hundreds, maybe thousands of stories about good, innocent Jews who suffered, and bad, guilty Germans who did not suffer, or whose suffering meant nothing because they were not Jews.

That is the cultural environment in which I have worked for 25 years. Still, I was deeply impressed watching the Auschwitz myth, the orthodox Holocaust line, being played out in all media with such tremendous success, with State support in the US and Europe both. The Holocaust Industry has convinced intellectuals (in the West) that the great Auschwitz myth is true. It's like we are living in a cargo-cult culture, where those who have raised themselves to the priesthood are taken seriously, as if they have real information about what they worship, and what they demand we worship.

The Holocaust Industry has not won the historical argument, and it has not won the intellectual challenge in which that argument resides, but those are facts that are "off-screen." The Industry has not won the moral or ethical arguments undermining the value of The Myth to Western culture. It has not even addressed them. But that fact is "off-screen" as well. Those who speak for the Industry are masters of all they survey. I could not help but admire their latest demonstration of their monumental success in marketing their cult.

In the 1980s and 90s we revisionists gave the Industry a real fright with the publication of solid revisionist arguments challenging The Myth in Europe and America. We stirred the pot with the work we did via media and on campus. We were like the mice that drive fearlessly straight up inside the elephant's trunk and drive it crazy. Until it sneezes.

We soon split into factions that grew progressively more divided, increasingly fractious, more scattered, less effective, weaker. It could have been expected. We were a collection of fractious factions to begin with. One that reached from libertarian anarchism on one side to supporters of the authoritarian state and open anti-semitism on the other.

The Holocaust Industry is a collection of factions as well, but all Industry factions are united in their consensus to exploit the taboo used to suppress and censor revisionism everywhere under every circumstance. They are united as well in their allegiance to Israel, and united in their allegiance to the US alliance with Israel. All factions in the Industry are certain—and this is at the heart of their success—they are certain in their moral self-righteousness regarding the unique monstrosity of the Germans, and at the same time the unique victimization of Jews.

The Holocaust Industry has convinced the intellectuals that it is immoral, an act of hatred, to even suggest that the Holocaust question should be open to free inquiry. That is at the core of the great victory that has been consummated in the alliance between the Israeli-Firsters and the Holocaust Industry. I am not suggesting that this is a unique achievement. Intellectuals will support most any line so long as it is currently legitimized by those who govern them. Consider the intellectual classes under Stalin, Hitler, Mao, even a Fidel Castro.

Intellectuals could blow apart the Holocaust Industry and the myth of unique German monstrosity overnight. Intellectuals will be the last to defend intellectual freedom, however. They understand the ideal, they argue it energetically, but without exception diminish it to where it means intellectual freedom for some but not for others. This is not true on small issues, of course, but for those issues that intellectuals see as grand issues, it is always true. If you do not agree with them on the grand issues, it's off to one gulag or another, and there's the end to it.

During the two weeks that I was following, rather awestruck, the great Auschwitz celebration, I was initiating the new work on the CODOH Website that I have discussed earlier, writing the OutlawHistory newsletter for the Internet, and helping promote the event that Students for Free Expression (SAFE) was preparing at University of Colorado at Boulder for 17 February. I remarked on these matters here last month.

Between 2 February and 10 February I wrote four columns for the OutlawHistory. I was one of the first to write about the scandal of UC-Boulder professor Ward Churchill calling those who were murdered in the World Trade Tower "little Eichmanns." I had no idea at the time that his would become a national story. It is still making headlines two months later.

I created the Website "No Justice Here" to promote an examination of the Ernst Zundel case specifically and the SAFE event generally. I submitted my Outlaw columns to all print and electronic media in Colorado. I was doing things more or less correctly. The day before the UC-Boulder event was to take place, I wrote and distributed four press releases announcing the event to all Colorado print and electronic media.

Nothing of what I did in Colorado made any difference, so far as I could discover. It was all closed down by Hillel and the ADL and those in media and on campus who cooperate

with those two organizations. It was a disappointment, but I have had many such experiences over the years. Sometimes what you do works, sometimes it doesn't.

It was now time to put together SR 114. I found it difficult for me to get into it. The brain was somewhere else. A job that should take three days (it usually takes five) went on for three weeks. I did finally get that issue out. I wrote in some detail about the above events.

The day after we mailed out SR 114 I paused, I guess I can say paused, and just looked around. I was aware that the head, the brain, was empty. There was not one thought in there. There were plenty of columns to write. The stories on Auschwitz, Churchill, gas chambers, even the old human soap story was back. Of a sudden, it would seem, none of those stories meant anything to me.

There was the emptiness inside the head, then, and the emptiness in all the relevant stories that were streaming by me. Buddhists and other religiosos spend their lives trying to empty out their brains for even one moment of peace. There I was, a man without religion, and I had done it with no effort whatever. I had not emptied it through an act of will. The organ had emptied itself out, and in the process had emptied the meaning out of the stories I had been following.

I had no interest whatever in writing columns for OutlawHistory Newsletter. It was if the idea of writing columns had occurred to me in a different time, a different place. I had written 43 columns, four in the first ten days of February alone, with enthusiasm and energy. I wrote the last one, number 43, with as much enthusiasm as I had written the first. And now it appeared to be over. Where the Outlaw project had been in my consciousness, there was now only an empty space. I hadn't the slightest whisper of interest in the project. The slate, as it were, had wiped itself clean.

I found that many other things were emptying out. The house had emptied out in some peculiar way. Everything was still there. The wife, the daughter, the animals, the birds, the furniture, the office, but it was empty. Outside, the streets were empty. The idea of working was empty, the head was empty, and there was a deep sense—not of loneliness, but of aloneness. It wasn't painful. It was strange. I wandered around the house, upstairs and down. I lay on the bed. Having a television became very important. There was no longer the urge to walk at night, or work out with the weights. Why would I do those things?

Sometimes I would go out onto the second floor terrace and look around. Half a mile off, beyond the horse pasture and the one row of houses, there was the ocean, as always. Before, when I looked at the ocean from up there thought would recall how it had been when I was a seaman on some old tramp, steaming across the Pacific toward Japan or Vietnam. Now there was only the water, and the emptiness that lay between where I was standing to where the surface of the water was, and then on until the emptiness, as it were, went out of sight.

I don't know how many days that lasted. Ten. Fifteen maybe. But after a number of days I found a kind of lethargy coming over me, seeping up in me. The emptiness was not being replaced by lethargy. It was being joined by lethargy. There was the emptiness, and something weighing down the emptiness. If there was only emptiness in there, thought wondered, what was in there for lethargy to weigh down?

There were two projects for which I was able make myself available. One was the work we were doing on the CODOH Website. I could advise my Webmaster on which directions to

take, while doing nothing myself. The other project I can't discuss here, but I was able to consult and advise those who are carrying the work load. I had only to listen, then say yes or no.

Then my—my what, my condition?—took a new turn. There was an anxiety that I had not felt before. As the anxiety grew, my curiosity about emptiness dissolved. The anxiety was painful in a way that the emptiness had not been. With the emptiness, there had been no pain, only a kind of wonderment. I didn't understand what was happening now either, but I could feel it. It was painful, and distracting.

Again, I had no idea where it was coming from or why. There was nothing to worry me. We were all healthy. The animals were fine. I oftentimes feel insecure about the money, but that is a small affair compared to the wrenching psychological pain I was feeling now. I don't know why I say it was psychological. The hurt was in my heart. Thought took me to strange places. It caused me to think about torture. How I would not be very good at withstanding it. How I would probably spill the beans.

Anxiety saturated everything I witnessed, everything that was said to me, everything that erupted from the television set. It resembled what the shrinks call a "floating anxiety." No focus. Anything will do to bring a fresh wave of it along. Nothing was different in the life. Only this new, pulsating anxiety and the awareness of emptiness on every side.

I kept it all wrapped up as best I could. My wife and daughter began to ask what was wrong and I would say I felt anxious. I had never said that to anyone before in my life. I'm not the anxious kind of guy. Have I already written that? There was the emptiness, the lethargy, the anxiety, and now a deepening loneliness. As a writer, I spend most of my waking hours alone, but it has never been lonely for me. I have always been good company for myself. Now there was loneliness along with all the rest of it and it began to feel—oh, I don't know. Tragic. Nothing bad was happening, but that nothing was somehow tragic.

I would occasionally see a ray of light. I realized that my work with the Outlaw Newsletter was not targeted in the right way to the right audience, that it was too time consuming for the results that I would get. It was yet another free service. I decided to limit myself to publishing one or two columns per week. One day each week I would distribute a press release to radio. Now that was a good, practical approach to both Outlaw and to radio. In the end I published no more columns, and sent no more press releases.

While the work on CODOHWeb was going along nicely, it was a free service but one without a current voice. It was an archive only. That was the original purpose to reconstitute it, but now I saw the matter differently. It needed a live voice. A draw. In what I see now was a burst of neurotic enthusiasm, I decided that I would create a Web log, a "blog," for CODOH.

A blog is a page that is "live," one that I would post to once or twice a day, and that others whom I trusted could post to as well, without any mediation from me. CODOHWeb would come "alive." The posts did not have to be 800, 900 words. They did not have to have a beginning, a middle and an end. They could be short, long, or in between. They could be relevant information from the press, but focused on the interests natural to CODOH.

The blog is a remarkable development of Internet technology that has been around a few years, but in the last two has become increasingly important. It was internet "bloggers," for example, who first brought to light Dan Rather's use of questionable (fraudulent) documents critical of George Bush's service with the Texas Air National Guard during the Vietnam War. As a result, a network anchor was forced to apologize for his sloppy work, and Rather admitted on air that"

"I find we have been misled on the key question of how our source for the documents came into possession of these papers. That, combined with some of the questions that have been raised in public and in the press, leads me to a point where-if I knew then what I know now-I would not have gone ahead with the story as it was aired, and I certainly would not have used the documents in question."

He also lost his job.

It took only an hour or so for Gustavo, my Webmaster, to set up my new blog page. I worked on it for a week or so. There was interest in the blog from other quarters. After ten days I realized that the blog was an empty project. I was quite surprised. But I did not want to have to think about it day and night, even if it was only to post a few sentences. It meant nothing to me.

Wanting to save the project is some way, I decided to turn the blog into a "journal." I would post to the journal every day or so. No one else would be involved. I would post materials that related to the CODOH interests, and to my personal interests. I would try to mix the two up. That's how I work. A mix of journalism and autobiography. Perfect. Again, I worked on it for a week or ten days when I found that it had become an empty project. I killed the journal like I had killed the blog.

I was not going to work on a project that was empty. I was not going to pretend.

I noticed that I was beginning to relax. The level of anxiety, the pain in and around the heart, was subsiding. The question of the emptiness of all things, the aloneness, was receding. Maybe it was because I was walking away from projects that had no "meaning" for me. It occurred to thought that that might be it. As for myself, I didn't know.

At the same time there was a kind of sadness around me. On television the story was about Terry Schiavo, the more or less brain-dead lady who had been kept alive artificially for some fifteen years and was now being fed via a tube surgically inserted in her stomach. Should it be removed or not? The husband said she would have wanted it removed, the parents said they were not convinced of that, and that they wanted to keep their daughter alive.

I didn't believe Terry Schiavo cared one way or the other, but there was no way for me to know. It was a sad story on any account. I was transfixed watching it. I understood on any particular day while I was watching and listening to the Terry Schiavo story, ten thousand, a hundred thousand people around the world would die of starvation, aids, and brutality. The world was a very sad place, but I didn't feel one way or the other about that. The tragedy of Terry Schiavo was enough for me.

(As an aside, at this very moment, I have to tell you that I am beginning to feel a little disgusted with what I am writing here and the way I am writing it. There is a level pathos to it that is close to being unconscionable. I'm going to go ahead and finish the letter, it's too late to turn back, the time is already come to work on SR 116, but whatever interest or necessity I felt in writing about this business at the beginning is wearing very, very thin. If you feel as I do, we're on the same page. Just tear it up and throw the bloody thing away.)

About this time something very mundane happened. I caught a cold. I don't catch colds any longer. I've become a supplement freak, thanks to Ernst Zundel several years ago. I hadn't had a cold in three, four years. Now I had one and I couldn't get rid of it. It wasn't going to kill me, but it was becoming just one thing after another. I became unsteady on my feet. I was stumbling here and over there, grabbing whatever was handy to keep from falling. I was sleeping a lot, exhausted. Nothing had changed in the brain. Except for brief moments of false light about blogs and journals, it had been empty and dark in there for weeks. Now it was full of snot and it wasn't working any better for that.

I decided to go to our neighborhood doctor. Hadn't been to him in a couple years. Maybe longer. I sat in his tiny consulting room full of anxiety, my head floating around like a balloon filled with hydrogen. It bounced softly off one wall then the other. When he finished his brief examination he told me that the problem was in my nose, no where else. He gave me prescriptions for two different pills. He said I would be better in about 24 hours. If I wasn't, to drop back in.

The next afternoon only the remnants of the cold remained. I felt unusually awake. Remarkably, the anxiety was much reduced. I could breathe more or less normally. I felt less estranged from the house, the world. For the first time in several weeks I felt like typing. That's my life. Typing, and thinking about what it is I'm going to type. It's a good life. Been doing it more than half a century now. Not much to show for it, but it's kept me happy. Whatever happy is.

It was amazing. It was as if I had turned a corner. It had just happened. The morning was sunny and beautiful. I went out walking. I really did feel very much more alive. Upbeat even. It was like a little miracle. In the event, however, I tired quickly. I returned to the house to lie down. I was reminded once again that I have to be careful nowadays about how much exercise I take. The routine is that one night I will walk two, maybe three and even four miles. The next I will lift weights for forty minutes, sometimes an hour, while watching "Everybody Loves Raymond," or "Frasier." Really, Bradley? Yep. I am particularly amused by Frasier.

The next morning when I woke to the alarm I dressed and went to the kitchen to make a pot of coffee and get my morning update via CNN as to who was killing who. The reporters and the networks know all about this, and they are right. "If it bleeds, it leads." It looked like the Pope was very sick. He was probably going to die. I was surprised by how deeply I felt about that.

About 10 am Paloma and I went out to find a good place to take some new photos for Break His Bones, which is going to be published in a second language. Don't want to say which language yet for the usual reasons. We took care of that work in an hour or so and then we were back at the house. While we were getting out of the car, Paloma began to cry. She told me that she was pregnant. She was leaving the house to live with her drug-addict boyfriend in a shanty-town dirt street up on the hill. Then we went in the house so she could tell her mother. I wasn't angry with her. I didn't know quite what I did feel. The world was not coming to an end, but it did appear that it was going to continue to be one thing then another.

Paloma told us straight out that she would not consider an abortion. She could not explain precisely why, but it felt wrong to her and she would not consider it. She was going to have her baby, she was going to give her boyfriend, who had only that day been released from a drug rehab, again, one more chance. She was going to take charge of her own life. She began

to pack up her things in cardboard boxes and trash bags. I was rather in a daze. By the time she left the house it was all back again, particularly the pain, the hurting over the heart.

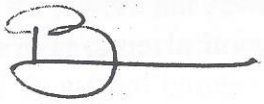
On television it was apparent that it was the Pope's last days. His coming death became my own tragedy. I'm not Catholic, not religious, but the tragedy of the Pope's death, as expressed in the great sadness of those who are Catholics, who are irreconcilable in their loss, took everything out of me. The death of the Pope became my own tragedy. It was almost unbearable.

One morning I was standing at a window in our dining room looking vacantly out at the street. I saw a young lady with her two-year-old daughter. She had married a drug addict. A couple months previously he had died as a result of an overdose of heroin. I watched her and her little girl stroll toward our corner. There was a great peace about them. At one point the child turned to her mother, lifted her arms, and her mother picked her up and held her close. At that moment, they were good. They were together, and they were good.

It occurred to me that it might work out that way for Paloma. For years now she has dived into one wrong adventure after another, failed at one school after another. She has found nothing to interest her intellectually, or in any other way. Somehow, we have been the wrong family for her. She has lived her teenage years, from 13 through 19, among drug addicts and petty criminals. Maybe she experienced the world as being empty for a very long time. Maybe the baby would be what would bring her, finally, into life. Maybe she would take her baby seriously in ways that she never took herself seriously. Or her family.

I wondered idly if Paloma's boyfriend might not kill himself with an overdose of heroin, his drug of choice. I half-laughed at the cruelty of the "joke" I had made to myself. How could I joke at that moment, about that? With me, it's anything for a laugh. Most of the time. Anyhow, from that odd moment forward, I have been coming back to myself, and the content of the world has been seeping back into the stories and the matters I take seriously.

Back to real life then, eh? I expect to have some welcome news for you in SR 116. In spite of this hapless and unprofessional communication, I have to confess (no honesty here without confession) that I need your continued support. As I always note here, there's no one else.



Bradley

PS: I really must tender my thanks to the three individuals who have committed to funding the reconstitution of CODOHWeb. A good part of the monies have already been received, and we have uploaded some of the most valuable of the folders that we are going to have online permanently. A lot more about this in SR 116. If you are online, I urge you to check out what has already been completed.

BRS

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